

The Story Of Us by **littlemissmileven**

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Summary: Mike Wheeler was a man of many talents. He was a leader, successful and a psychiatrist at the leading psych ward in Hawkins. Patient 011 - clearly unstable, beyond recognition of how dangerous she was to society and undeniably beautiful to the mans eye. All of three things, Mike Wheeler found quite amusing. Little did he know that patient 001 would be his undoing. (Shamless smut)

1. chapter 1

Mike Wheeler was a man of many talents. He was a leader, successful and a psychiatrist at the leading psych ward in Hawkins. Patient 011 - clearly unstable, beyond recognition of how dangerous she was to society and undeniably beautiful to the mans eye. All of three things, Mike Wheeler found quite amusing and inescapable no matter how hard he tried.

Little did he know that patient 011 would be his undoing.

Yet, for Jane Ives everything that had once existed was simply erased from her memory. All alone, she meets a boy. No, not a boy but a man, her new psychiatrist. Jane hadn't experienced many emotions except for sadness - that was until he seemingly entered her mind, body and soul within their shared sessions everyday.

Can light and darkness come together in perfect unity? Or will Jane's hidden secrets and Mike's sudden infatuation result in something so messy and chaotic that everything that once was, will never be the same again.

AUTHORS NOTE:

New idea. Thoughts? Like/dislike? Should I stick with this? I'm actually intrigued with this idea but I don't want to waste my time if no one reads it!

L xx

2. Chapter (1)

Piercing white lights began clogging Jane's vision immensely, her breathing hitching into short gasps as her eyes tried focusing on where she was. Within a few seconds, she felt a pair of unfamiliar hands hold her down, their own body now crushing into hers.

"Let me go, let me go!" Jane screamed the last word so loudly it burned in her throat.

The strangers breath was so achingly warm on the back of her neck as her head was pressed down against a pillow that was considered to be as paper thin as the walls enclosed around her.

Janes eyes widened in alarm as she felt her cries being muffled by the pillow. She fought back as hard as her body would let her, her legs swaying effortlessly to buck the body off her, she even tried hurling her body in all different directions but the strangers grip didn't seem to move.

Not even in the slightest bit.

Janes ears picked up the sounds of hushed murmurs, almost as if they were being whispered directly into her ears. There was a click of high heels suddenly, Jane quickly turned her head to the side as she was met with a view of a young woman appearing in all white.

She was blonde, looked around her early thirties, with alluring green eyes that sent an awful chill against the bridge of Jane's spine. She looked normal, but Jane could see through normalcy and knew that this was all a simple game to them.

Jane understood that this woman could have had her neck snapped within moments if she requested it, with only the wave of her hand.

The woman gave Jane a slow, cold, calculating look as she watched Jane's pitiful attempts at fighting back against the tight hold weighing her down.

The woman was dressed in a knee-length white lab coat, her fingers

suddenly adjusting her cross that layed bare against her white collar shirt. She thought her sight was playing tricks on her, irony filled her veins as she knew no higher power could save her now.

No, not this time.

This time it felt different to her, almost foreign.

Something else seemed to catch Jane's eye along the way, it was her file that was tucked against the woman's side. To others, it looked long and endless but to Jane everything that layed lurking within those words were false. She was being framed that she knew, but what she wanted to understand was why.

What did they want with a girl like her? She was as normal as any other girl her age. Normal was the one word that described Jane Ives within a second, that's all she was and would ever be.

Normal.

"Looks like we have a screamer," The woman's voice trailed off, "But don't you worry, this place will change that in no time." Her southern accent was thick and heavy, Jane wouldn't of pictured it on her. This woman's presence was a balm to her nerves as she watched her scramble over and drop to her knees so now the two woman where both at eye-level.

"Aren't you a pretty little thing." The woman blinked and looked at Jane in utter fascination before she whispered slowly, "No wonder he wants you."

Everything around Jane seemed to come to a stand still, her pulse was quickening frantically as she watched the woman's face turn upright with a dreadfully chilling smile before she reached over and untucked her file from her inner arm.

Her green eyes were scanning over the words effortlessly, as though she didn't seem the slightest bit fazed as to what appeared in front of her.

Without taking her eyes off of Jane's file, she laughed without humour before adding, "Welcome to Wayward, I'm Miss Wilkes. I'm

one of the leading psychiatrists here but unfortunately I wasn't assigned your case," She then brushed her wild blonde hair back from her face before she scowled at Jane. "As you can see, that didn't stop me from coming here. Your file is quite impressive I must say but from what my eyes are seeing, I highly doubt you were responsible for any of this. After all, how could such a small girl do the most wicked things I've ever read. It just doesn't make sense."

That's because I wasn't supposed to be here, Jane wanted to shout.

You've got the wrong girl.

Miss Wilkes statement caught her off guard, so Jane remained quiet and finally stone still. Jane stared at her, letting all the anger and frustration surge through her. "Why are you doing this to me?" Jane finally asked, her voice croaky.

Miss Wilkes paused for a moment, almost as if she was considering to answer patient 011's question, that was until the stranger that had Jane bound by her wrists finally spoke up. "We should go, Clarice. We've already been here for far too long now, you know he'll loose it if he see's us with the girl."

Clarice.

Clarice.

Clarice.

At her name, every muscle in Jane's body locked up and her eyes diverted back to the psychiatrist. Yet, she hadn't seemed to take notice of what the unknown man suggested but instead peered closer to the patient if that was even remotely possible.

Clarice then roughly grabbed Jane by one of her bound wrists, running a thumb along the edge of the sensitive skin underneath. It was throbbing harshly under her tight grip, almost as if the skin had been pricked and burned. Jane couldn't remember a single thing, almost as everything before she awoke never existed. She could only distinguish three things about herself so far;

Her name was Jane Ives.

She was twenty three years of age.

She wasn't supposed to be here, at Wayward Sanatorium for the mentally unstable. It was a psychiatric ward for the criminally insane, only the most severe cases seemed fit for this place.

Jane Ives wasn't one of those cases.

Miss Wilkes let out a wolffish grin before turning her wrist over ever so slowly. Harsh ink was now printed against Jane's pale skin, it contained only three numbers. Confused and dazed, she read it over and over again.

011

"You see," Miss Wilkes said in a strangled voice, her face whitening as if the words seemed to rip at her throat. "You've seemed to catch his eye. Don't leave him disappointed though, Papa wouldn't like that."

Jane murmured, "Who is Papa?" The sound of her own voice seemed unreal at this point.

She decided to play along with Miss Wilkes, afraid that if she didn't she would immensely regret not doing so. Clarice seemed to choke back her giggle, it sounded almost childlike but it scared Jane to the bone.

Jane's heart leapt to her throat. When she looked at Miss Wilkes, all she saw swelling within her green eyes was complete darkness. Jane opened her mouth in attempts to ask again, yet a firm palm slapped over her lips harshly making her screech in shock.

Suddenly Clarice lowered her head to the base of Jane's ear, panic and sheer fright had tensed every muscle of her body that she once again, went limp in the guards fresh hold.

Jane squeezed her eyes shut furiously, holding in her breathe as Miss Wilkes blew out the next few words. "You don't belong here, soon he'll see that. I'll make sure of it."

The sounds of rushed footsteps invaded Jane's ears as she saw a pair of fresh hands pry Miss Wilkes off of her shaking body. Countless

shouts were now bouncing off the greyish walls as she had merely enough time to wrap her petite arms across her knees, rocking herself back and forth on the cold tiles continuously in attempts to sooth her frantic heart beat. Jane watched in alarm as further men clad in all white entered the room.

Her chest pounded rapidly, her mind racing just as fast as her beating heart seemed to, she could only hold on to one coherent thought within this moment.

That if the numerous voices didn't stop speaking, she'd break down right then and there. "Shut up, shut up, shut up!" She screeched out so loudly that every sudden movement within the room came to a standstill.

Jane's unleashed tears had burned her vision as she slowly raised her head off of her knees. There he was, matching Miss Wilkes attire similarly. Instead of a cross laying at the nape of his neck, a tag was seemingly draping from his lab coat. Janes eyes darted back and forth as she scanned the letters incessantly that bore out his full name.

Mike Wheeler

He too kneeled where Miss Wilkes did moments before. Instead of sudden fear lurking within her mind, she felt a sense of contempt, her mind assuring her that this man wouldn't touch her so brutally like the others seemed too.

Jane felt herself becoming crazier by the second. Every mixed emotion she was feeling had become jumbled and intensified, all from a man she barely knew. She was so utterly desperate for someone to show her a kind touch, butterflies were fluttering in the pit of her stomach. Too astounded to fully comprehend if they were the good or bad kind, not with all the drugs that had been severely shoved down her throat the moment she arrived at Wayward.

To put things into perspective, Jane was a muddled wreck. Her once loose honeysuckle curls were a tangled mess on the tops of her head. Her auburn eyes were rimmed with red as she had cried relentlessly, leaving them now both itchy and dry. Her lips screamed chapped and

flaky, no amounts of saliva could cover up the dryness of them.

She wouldn't be surprised if others thought worse of her, it was their fault for putting her here in the first place. Couldn't they see this had to be a misunderstanding? Or maybe she really was crazy and it was her mind playing tricks on her.

She couldn't tell the difference between what was reality and what was insanity anymore since being here.

The vibrant lights of the overcrowded room had made his face appear luminous and rather delicate. Up close, he was even more attractive than she imagined as she watched his dark curls spilling over the tops of his shoulders, leaving Jane feeling breathless at the mere sight of the locks. His eyes had been different though, cold and inhuman almost, if it wasn't for the fact that sympathy swirled within them for her she would've thought he was the spitting image of Miss Wilkes; breathtakingly beautiful but born to be evil to the core.

"Escort Miss Wilkes out of here," He insisted, his tone firm. As Jane's eyes followed the uniformed men grasping for Clarice by her arms, she could still feel his penetrating gaze and the act alone made Jane's cheeks flush with uncertainty.

What if she had been wrong, what if he was just as insane as Miss Wilkes and this was all apart of their plan; To trick and play her to be the fool they all thought she was.

Jane pressed her back against the foot of her rusty bed. Her knees shuffling ever so slowly and in turn Mike's eyebrows lifted in amusement before saying, "Don't be afraid, I haven't come to hurt you. I'm here to help."

Jane's heart tries to crawl its way into her throat, she really does want to believe him. Hell, she needs all the friends she could get at this point but suddenly all off her adrenaline comes rushing back, this time it wasn't just anxiety but anger as well.

The drugs must be wearing off, Jane thought.

He stares at her with something similar to surprise but also curiosity.

As if she was a wild animal under his inspection, and maybe she was. Here she remained, stuck and probed in Wayward, if she didn't go insane sooner or later than maybe she was already to begin with. "Promise?" Jane whispered.

He studied her intently, giving her a sharp nod in response.

"No, you have to say it. Otherwise, how will I know that you mean what you say? That you aren't like the others."

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Jane instantly regretted her words the moment they slipped off her tongue. She was desperate, beginning to feel her mind whither away effortlessly as every second passed whilst she was stuck here. He made her feel somewhat normal, like she was still a human being, not just something to be poked and examined under a microscope.

The back of his neck flushed red.

"I give you my word, no one will hurt you while I'm here. I can promise you that."

Jane then shut her eyes in attempts to sooth her raging thoughts, her mind stretching beyond belief whether or not she should believe this man. And you know what?

She did.

AUTHORS NOTE:

That's it! How was that for a first chapter? I thought why the hell not so I'm giving this a go, I really need all the opinions I could get! So please, tell me what all you lovelies are thinking and feeling so far for where this story seems to be heading. The more comments/opinions the better!

L xx

3. Chapter (2)

Something squeezed in Jane's chest. She couldn't move, couldn't even breathe, short little gasps echoed against her cell as she tried to evenly catch her breath.

"I need to remember." She repeated, the words sounding so soft against the tip of her tongue. It was so faint that the guards surrounding Jane's room wouldn't be able to catch the words out loud. Jane let out a low moan as she felt a piercing jolt hit against her heart. Unleashed tears were threatening to escape her eyes, all that could be heard was the ever so often whimpers aborting Jane's mouth.

"Why can't I remember anything?"

She swallowed, almost choking on her breath as her body jolted backwards, hitting her bed post with a loud thud. Her eyes remained glued to her cell door as she heard more footsteps approaching closer to her. She remembers the way her nails bled out as she attempted to claw her way out of the rotting cell. It was hopeless though, it only left her whimpering in pain as more unleashed tears threatened to spill from her.

"Whose there?" She said with a strained voice, her lips barely moving as she continuously braced herself against the corner of her bed as her ears picked up on the sounds echoing louder than before.

The noise continuously grew but so did Jane's frantic heartbeat, she began clenching her hands into small fists before banging them against the side of her head. "Wake up dammit." She whispers frantically, "This can't be real, it's only a dream."

She winced as her head began to swell under each hit so she started to pinch her arms, then both her legs before a sob left her chapped lips. Her shoulders dropped in defeat as she realised she couldn't escape from whatever this was.

Her head began to feel heavy and her eyes suddenly felt drowsier than before as she saw the same male nurse entering her cell. But it

wasn't the sight of him that made her breath hitch and her throat itch but instead it was someone else.

Her psychiatrist, Dr Wheeler.

His curls looked even more unkempt than the last time she saw him, but she didn't seem to mind in the slightest as they hung loosely against his white lab coat.

His eyes seemed to resemble the dark, she thought. They could lure anyone in as they looked to hold the magnitude of a black hole, one look into those depths would leave anyone breathless. To Jane, she had once thought brown eyes were simply dull and boring, but now she knew they were anything but ordinary because of him.

Her eyes crept there way back onto the male nurse that had pinned her down onto the bed only days ago and her body began shaking with fear.

Fuck, she didn't want to appear weak in front of them but as she saw a smile hanging from his lips it sent a cold shiver down her spine. "Get away, get away!" A screech left her lips as she saw the male nurse make his way closer to her, but Mike's hand stopped him.

Mike looked at her curiously as he tilted his head, examining the way her body tightened and spasmed as her brown eyes didn't seem to detach its gaze from one of his assigned staff. His lips pursed in fascination as his eyes now darted back and forth.

The male nurse who was known as Dean Turner looked annoyed by his choice in holding him back from the girl but he was intrigued.

With a flick of his hand, he pointed back to her cell door in which they came through just moments before. He raised his eyebrow, silently warning him that if didn't leave in the span of three seconds there would be serious consequences later. With a huff, Dean gave patient 011 one last final look before he roughly grazed his shoulder against Mike's.

Both stood still, not backing down from their stance until another whimper escaped the girls lips that left Mike yelling, "If you continue

to disobey my orders, I'll make it my personal duty to have you thrown out of Wayward. Trust me, I'm not someone you want on your bad side." He seethed, but his head reminded him that they had company. The company of a small girl whose endless cries didn't seem to settle and his outburst probably wasn't helping either.

"Go, now!"

Jane couldn't stop her cries. Each time she tried smothering the noise, her throat would seize up, leaving her breathless and choking on her own sobs.

She watched as the bad man lingered his stare on Dr Wheeler for what seemed like an eternity to her. Since being in the cell, she's lost track of time. In here, all the company she had was four grey walls surrounding her and the comfort of a bed that felt like knives stabbing into her back as she huddled against it to keep warm. The nights had been the worst for Jane, with all the other patients screeches and pleas bouncing off their walls and onto hers. Her mind felt cluttered and full, trying to piece everything she could possibly remember, leaving her frustrated as nothing seemed to match the reason as to why she woke up here.

Time didn't seem to matter in Wayward Sanitorium.

Her mind tried to keep her sane as it reminded her over and over of the only information it could muster. Her name was Jane Ives, she was twenty three years of age and that she wasn't anything but normal. There wasn't anything wrong with her that she knew of. Yet, in Wayward she knew she wasn't known as Jane anymore, now all she resembled was three numbers that left her wondering why.

Mikes attention hadn't left the patients as Dean left the room, the metal door shutting with a click as his footsteps slowly couldn't be heard anymore. His eyes widened as he watched the girl lift her wrist that bore out the three digits they had printed onto her pale skin. Her eyes relentlessly scanned the numbers, almost as if she was trying to imprint them into her mind.

Mike had heard from numerous doctors about this case.

He had been told of what a horrid case this was. It had been on October 1st, 1982 of last year. Exactly a year ago today had this tragic event had taken place.

Of a young girl who had left so much destruction in the small town of Hawkins that over twenty people had died because of her, all in the span of the same night. Some had been crushed to death, others had been burned alive by the fires sweeping throughout the streets that she had been rumoured to set, whilst the last that had been left had either been shot through the temple or stabbed through the heart.

Her file said she had snapped. Her fiancé, Dustin Henderson had died only a couple of days before the attack. Some say she killed him brutally in their shared apartment, others say his death had been an accident as he worked in the army force, yet Mike didn't believe any of those allegations.

At first, only one other before him was assigned her case.

Dr Clarice Wilkes.

Many of the female nurses in the department envied her looks whilst the men just wanted to fuck her brains out, except him. He could see right through her tactics.

He heard the endless rumours of the way she became obsessed with her case and began torturing her patient 011. With countless acts of manipulation such as shock treatment, keeping her unfead and on the brink of death if she didn't answer her questions or even in the worst of situations, Dr Wilkes had used the method of drowning her patients. That was until after eleven months, the board of Wayward decided she was unfit for the case.

He remembered her relentless threats, the way she pulled at her blonde curly hair angrily that resembled his and begged them to give her a second chance. That she had a new way of grasping the information off the patient, she just needed a little more time.

To Mike's dismay he didn't want to waste his time on some serial killer, why would he?

She was a lost cause who had murdered innocent lives that didn't deserve the gruesome death that she bestowed to them.

The board had told him that she suffered severe memory loss. He had asked them to elaborate. The case had sent her mind into a frenzy that it blocked out the many deaths of all those people and of her fiancé. There hadn't been much notes on his death but all leads had lead to it being done by patient 011's hand.

All she knows is what her mind will let her remember.

The night before he visited her cell for the first time, having to escort the guards to pry Mrs Wilkes arms off the patient, it had left his mind jumbled. Everything had pinned back to her, all the accidents, the deaths, but why would this suddenly happen. What had set her off so bad that murder had been her only option to cope.

In other words, Mike Wheeler was utterly fascinated by Jane Ives.

So, without any explanation he took the case. Everyone had warned him that she may look like a normal girl, but not to be deceived by how she appeared, that she was as evil as they come.

That was until his eyes landed on her and for the first time in his twenty four years of existence his heart lurched forward and thumped in his chest. He made sure to remain unfazed and calm, but his heart reacted to her in a way he hadn't felt before.

Jane's eyes snapped forward and onto Dr Wheelers penetrating gaze. She watched as he made his way towards her, his steps seeming cautious and weary but he extended a hand down at her. Her head tilted up at his, her heart had screamed yes but it was her head that reminded her to be alert at all times. With a shuddering breath, her fingers grazed against his palm as he gracefully pulled her off the bed.

Her knees felt like buckling as it had been the first time she stood up for what felt like years. Without stopping herself, she pleaded to him, "Dr Wheeler, you've got to believe me. I don't belong here, there's got to be some sort of misunderstanding!" She seizes the front of his white coat and shakes them.

He doesn't attempt to get her to calm down or to pry her tiny hands off him. Instead he hushes her, his clothed arms wrapping around her paper thin gown that they had forced her to wear.

Mike's nose wrinkled in disgust as he examined her further as he huddled her into his awaiting arms. He continued to soothe her frantic pleads and mumbled whispers as he soothly rocked her back and forth.

She was sobbing, bawling so hard that her whole body shook so hard that he felt her tears soaking into his lab coat as she buried her face against the crook of his neck. His mind new that giving the patients any sort of body contact or affection was a troubling idea, but Mike's fascination with her got himself to believe she was different.

He deliberately didn't answer her, just kept his arms wrapped around her waist. "I don't belong here." She said hoarsely between raged breaths, "I really don't."

Without realising, he gently eased her off of him. He ever so slowly cupped her face between his palms, his thumb wiping over her tear stained cheeks. Her head finally tipped back as a hiccup left her parting mouth and he sighed. "Can you remember anything? Anything at all?"

She didn't answer right away, Mike knew she was struggling with her own thoughts so he waited patiently without removing his hands from her face. He hoped for an answer but instead his hands went along with her face as she shook it.

The tears on her cheeks were beginning to dry against his finger tips so he then began prying his fingers off her but Jane's hand had clamped down against his, keeping his hand firmly in place.

She too let out a tired sigh, a question stumbled from her mouth. "What are they going to do to me?"

Mike froze. In Astonishment? Fear? Lust? He let out a breath as he let his hands drop from her face for what appeared to be the second time, and Jane let him.

His throat felt dry as he let a hand run through his tormenting curls, sometimes he wished he could cut them all off. Except every time he attempted to, he'd change his mind suddenly. It aggravated him to no end.

He licked his lips as he realised how close there bodies were, he could feel the heat from her skin latching onto his. "That depends on you. If you can tell us what happened that night then I promise you nothing bad will happen."

Jane's face was blank. "What if I can't? I've told you I can't remember anything, so what then? Will they-" She choked, unable to finish.

Mike stared at Jane, both of their faces were suddenly closed off, he didn't have an answer to give her. "I honestly don't know what they'll do."

She gazed at the stone coloured floor now, her tone clipped and cold. "So that's it then, I'm going to probably die here all because of a simple mistake!" Her body began shaking again and this time all of Mike's self-control was withering away so he reached for her again, this time she slapped his hand away.

"Help! Help me, please. I can't stay here for one more second." Jane pleaded, not knowing who she was even talking to and started dashing around the room. Her hands slapping down harshly against the grey walls. She then ran over to where her bed resided and threw the mattress across the floor. She was like a hurricane, destroying anything that crossed in her path.

Mike watched in fascination as well as horror at how quickly her personality seemed to change. One minute, she represents the shell of a broken little girl. So dainty and small, that Mike had wanted to shield her from all the pain and suffering in the world. But then there's this other side to her, so raw and calculating that Mike was in awe of her.

Her movements came to a halt as both of her hands sprung forward and were pressing down against her raging chest, attempting to sooth her heartbeat as she shut her eyes. Mike was only a few steps away from her but his feet remained glued to where he stood.

For the first time, he didn't have a single idea what he had gotten himself into.

Jane lifted her head to peer up at him as she braced her aching body against the wall, making it seemingly obvious to Mike that her legs couldn't hold her shaking frame anymore. "You've got to let me out of here."

A sad smile slowly spread across his face, "Then let me help you. It's the only chance you've got." He answered faintly. He watched as her shoulders shook, he only realised now how tired she must be. Especially being drained from the endless cries or the ones she tried to hide from him.

His professional side took note that she seemed to hate resembling someone as weak. Her body that was once in need of comfort and touch had now seemed rigid and tight. Almost as if she was daring him to pity her.

"You've got to let me help you," he repeated slowly as he made his way closer to her. A shiver ran through his body as she looked at him up and down, examining him. Like a predator awaiting its prey. "Please, El."

Jane didn't mean to, but she threw her arms around his neck almost as if she was trying to indulge his soul. This time no cries threatened to spill out, her body didn't seem to shake from the tears but it was her heart that remained cautious but intrigued by his kindness.

She trusted him with every fibre of her being. What other choice did she have? She need to leave and he was her only ticket in getting out of Wayward. Rubbing her nose against the bridge of his neck, she inhaled his scent. It reminded her of fresh pinewood, it was alluring and made her want to burry her face into his skin even more if that was possible.

Sighing against his frantic pulse. She whispers, "Tell me what I have to do."

AUTHORS NOTE:

Hey! Sorry I haven't been writing in awhile, haven't felt very inspired as of late until today. Hope you guys liked this chapter. Please tell me what you liked or disliked it makes me happy when I see people commenting, favouriting or following.

As of right now I don't know when I'll be posting for "Too Good At Goodbyes" as I feel like that story isn't my best work.

Missed you darlings!

See you next time

L x

4. Chapter (3)

~WARNING~

There will be talk of rape as well as scenes of death. If you as a reader cannot handle that then please don't read. I worked hard on this chapter so please; give a comment, follow or favourite if you can.

Love you my darlings!

L x

"You're Jane Ives aren't you?"

Jane's head snapped forward and her gaze landed on a young girl, she looked similar to her age. She appeared to be dressed in the same paper thin attire they had forced her to wear when she arrived to Wayward Sanitorium.

Jane blinked, surprised to hear the words that had just come out of her mouth.

She was tall, her hair swung in red tangles across her freckled shoulders, her pale green eyes growing wider with each passing second that Jane didn't answer her.

Her lips parted, but she couldn't find the words. She was staring, Jane realised. She reacted by shrinking herself further away into her seat, earning a humourless snort in return.

Jane's last session for the day involved group therapy. Her neck convulsed with nervousness as she heard a collection of grunts within the enclosed space. A line of chairs had been scattered into a large circle around the room. It was full of different age groups;

There was one patient called Molly. A little blonde girl who appeared dainty and small. She rarely talked or seemed interested in anything the psychiatrists informed her, but instead chose to pay attention to her doll she carried around by her side at all times. It was seamless, stained and tethering at the ends. To Jane, it was rather grotesque, a

horrid sight to encounter.

She always had trouble breathing when the doll appeared near her, her mouth would twitch with wonder and fascination as she remembered hearing the peculiar story of this child's case.

It had been told that one night, both of her parents found her standing over her twin sisters bed, her full name had been Annabelle White before she was brutally murdered.

The sight was gruesome and left her parents screeching in horror at their daughters disfigured body. Finding Molly with a knife in one hand, the other was grasping her doll roughly, her sisters blood smeared across her chubby cheeks.

Crimson blood had then trickled from the corner of the blade, leaving splatter marks on the carpet floor.

Molly had fully turned to face her parents once she heard the noise of their arrival, clutching the doll tighter than before. Her nose then wrinkled, a ghost of a smile played around the corners of her stained lips, they too were coated in her sisters dried up blood.

Her next words were like an ice pick to their heart's as she whispered meekly, "It was the doll. It told me do it, I'm sorry." The next few seconds were alarming. They stood stone still, as if they hadn't quite understood what she'd said.

With shaking hands, they watched as she dragged the doll closer to her bloody, soaked chest, letting out a contempt sigh as she stroked the sides of its wool hair. "It will all be okay. Don't you see? I did it to protect her, she's finally safe. She'll never have to worry about leaving my side now." Her expression remained childlike, her voice steady.

"Wendy, call the police!" The father says voiceless, void of no emotion. Yet, she remained firmly planted to her child's bedroom, her disbelieving eyes never leaving her daughters disfigured body.

Her little girl was unrecognisable, all parts of her had been scattered all over her brand new comforter. Wendy remembers only picking it

out for her last week from their local store as a surprise birthday gift.

Annabelle had been more than excited, she was ecstatic to sleep with it. Now as the memory dimmed in front of her, so did her clouded thoughts;

Her child had been murdered.

A tremor had mistfully entered her body, it took everything in her power to keep herself intact right then and there. It was her obligation as a Mother to keep her children safe, and she failed at just doing that.

She felt herself launching forward and grasping her daughters throat roughly, shoving her into the wall. Her heart remained numb, her fingers trailing down the side of her daughters neck, tightening in the process. She ignored Mollys shrieks, continuing to press down harder, watching as her daughter face contorted in pain. "Mommy! Mom, please-"

"No!" She hissed, "You are no longer a daughter of mine."

"Wendy! That's enough! Let her go and do as I tell you. Now!" Her husbands hand had firmly settled on top of hers, halting her movements. Wendy remained emotionless, her eyes far away as her ears picked up the sounds of sirens blaring outside their children's shared window.

Her eyes travelled towards the staircase as she saw numerous police officers enter her home.

Wendy closed her eyes and took a deep breath as her hands were now wrenched off her daughters throat. She heard the endless shouts and felt unfamiliar hands escorting her out of the bloodied scene whilst her husband remained in the room, speaking to the sheriff.

"Ma'am, I need to know exactly what happened." Another officer ushered out, placing his hand on her shoulders. Everything around her started to fade away and simply became background noise.

After that, what had been written in Molly's file of her statement was so alarming to not only the Hawkins police department but to

Wayward Sanitorium itself.

Molly had said to the officers, the soul of her sister Annabelle now remained in the doll. It had been the dolls idea itself to let Molly use her as a shell to keep her sister forever by her side. It was told, that it was Wendy's decision to have them both separated due to their divorce finalising only weeks before. Each parent taking a child for their own, not knowing that would be the final straw for their daughters murder.

And that's how Molly White ended up in Wayward for the last two years.

Jane was always shocked, disbelief written across her face as she wondered why they'd let her keep the doll. Her thoughts were never answered though, she never spoke up to anyone or dared ask why.

She was fading into nothingness and she preferred it to stay that way for as long as she could.

The girls eyes-if possible-grew wider as they awaited for an answer off Jane that never came. The girl let out a sigh as she tossed her mane of red hair over her clothed shoulder, not realising it was now sticking out in all different directions. The messiness suited her, Jane noted thoughtfully.

Messiness suited any patient that was listed in Wayward.

Jane shook her head, pretending not to understand her. The red heads mouth twitched upwards, a slight smirk making its way to her lips.

"I'm Max," She states firmly, planting herself comfortably in the seat beside Jane's. "My full names Maxine, but I hate it. So I'd prefer if you call me Max, or Max-a-million, or M for short. Whatever you like really, just not Maxine. Got it?"

All Jane could muster was a small nod before she turned her attention to the window just above Max's head.

A beam of sunlight was beginning to slide through the cracks of the dreary room. Jane could feel herself beginning to forget what

sunlight felt like against her skin. Her once honey suckled complexion had now turned into a deadly pale colour, she resembled a ghost but so did every patient as well.

Max pulled out a small flask from the inside of her shirt and dangled it in front of Jane's nose. "You could use a drink, stiff." She froze at her statement before letting out a low chuckle and nodding along at her choice of words.

"Stiff, I like it. It suits you a lot." She says, smiling.

Jane swung her body around fully, looking at Max with a frown plastered across her face. "My name is Jane, not stiff." She says under her breath.

"Holy shit, ladies and gentlemen she speaks! Finally, I was worried I'd have to make conversation with lady lips over there." Jane raised her eyebrows as she followed Max's stare, landing on an older woman who appeared in her late sixties.

"Lady lips?" She muttered, confused by the nickname. Max sent her another sly smile from her seat before taking a quick swig from her flask, earning an appreciative groan of approval.

She smacked her lips together, letting out a hum of what seemed like contentment as she let the affects of the alcohol take over her body for a split second.

She almost forgot that she was in a mental asylum, if they caught her looking the slightest bit intoxicated, she'd be in solitary for weeks.

That just wouldn't do for Max. Not now, not when she had just stumbled upon something interesting.

That being Jane Ives.

Max cleared out her throat before throwing Jane an amused look, "You see, Stiff-"

"It's Jane."

"Okay, Jane." Max teased, dragging out her name longer than she

needed to. She liked the way it felt on her tongue, the name Jane being simple and utterly sweet. You didn't get many of those around Wayward.

She continued on, "Her real name is Bette Davis but I much prefer calling her Lady lips, it suits her once you here what she did." Max cackled, throwing her head back as spurts of laughter poured from her mouth.

Jane watched her, puzzled by her reaction but remained quiet and attentive, waiting for her to finish. She wiped the corners of her eyes as unleashed tears were threatening to spill. "She's basically ancient. Bette was one of the first patients to ever arrive in Wayward when it was first built in the early seventies. They say her husband was having an affair, that Miss Lady lips over there caught him in the act."

Max handed Jane her half-filled flask, "I won't continue the story until you've had at least one sip." She throws her a wicked grin, watching as Jane pries the bottle off her hand, unsure of what to do next.

"Just drink the damn thing!" Max exclaimed, throwing her hands up in frustration.

She sniffed it and her nose wrinkled in disgust at the stench. Jane closed her eyes and braced herself for the taste as her lips latched onto the opening.

As she guessed, the contents burned through her throat. She let out a hiss, beginning to cough loudly. Max giggled, repeatedly smacking a hand across her back, making it easier for Jane's airway to consume even more air if possible. "There, there, you'll be okay Stiff. I said to have a sip, not to inhale the whole bottle." Max grinned.

"Continue the story like you had promised." Jane grumbled, her voice edging with annoyance, still rapidly burning from moments before.

Max nodded before whispering lowly, "She lost it after that. When she found them in bed together, she raced to the kitchen and started a fire with a set of matches she found. I guess she wanted out, but she

was ready to drag them down along with her. The fire didn't spread out too far, but it singed off her lips. They had to use her own lady parts to make a set of new lips for her. Then viola, that's how my marvellous nickname was created."

Max smile broadens involuntarily as she watches Jane's eyes bulge with disbelief.

She begins lifting her flask in a salute directed at Jane before swiftly adding, "Welcome to Wayward, Stiff."

She glanced at Bette, and then back at Max, disgust evident on her face. Max cocked an eyebrow at her, her eyes filled with softness as she saw panic beginning to surface onto Jane's angelic features.

"Hey, it's okay. It isn't so bad here, there's worse places to be." Max leans back against her plastic chair, shrugging her shoulders at a bewildered Jane.

"What's your story?" Jane breathed out suddenly, watching the way her jaw pulsed at her question.

Max let's out a quiet, defeated sigh. She stares at her thoughtfully. Regret and relief flooding through her eyes. Jane feels a glimmer of understanding swell inside of her body.

Whatever Max had done in her past couldn't have been so terrible to lead her to where she was now. No one deserved to be put in Wayward no matter the circumstance.

Dragging her gaze away from Jane's, she settles on staring at Lady lips. Max clears her throat, already hating the sensation of tears invading her green eyes. "Where do I start?" she uttered dryly, a dark chuckle parting from her lips.

She continues on, "My Mother got re married to a gym teacher called Phil, he was nice. Dull, but nice. He was far from threatening, unlike his son Billy. From the day they both said I do to each other, was the day my stepbrother decided it was okay to start raping me." Max clears her throat, raising a hand to brush out her flaming red hair that was cascading down her back in waves.

This time, she didn't meet Jane's eyes but instead stared straight into space as her voice grew weak and weary. "It had gone on for years, I was too afraid to tell them of what he'd done to me. Something ticked inside of me one night though, and I waited, knowing he'd sneak his way into my room once they were sound asleep. The minute he slipped his fingers into my underwear, I shot him, twelve times to be exact, the bastard had it coming."

"Oh Max, I'm so sorry." Jane whispers. Her sympathy made tears spring into Max's eyes.

Without a second thought Jane reaches over and captures her hands, lacing their fingers together. Max looks startled for a moment, watching in amazement as Jane traces her inner palm with the tips of her fingers. As she grazes over it softly, Max slowly unwinds from her rigid state and relaxes against her seat once again.

A tired smile crawls its way on Max's face and Jane could only muster enough effort to flash one back at her. Both silently thriving off each other's company, her vulnerability allowing Jane to finally let her guard down.

She was exhausted.

Then Max said, with disbelief in her tone, "You really don't belong here do you, Stiff?"

No, she truly didn't. She was going to escape Wayward one way or another.

Maybe with a little help off a boy called Mike Wheeler.

5. Chapter (4)

Red.

All Jane could see was red.

Rasped breaths started to echo all around her as they bounced off the cold tile floors. They were old, a horrible stench beginning to break through the loosened cracks.

"Move it, we don't have all day." A female guard bites out, her voice was low and rough.

Jane felt the beating of her heart suddenly race out of control as it rapidly thumped against her chest with every unnerved breath that escaped her mouth.

"Did I stutter? You either do as I say or I'll have to sedate you. Now, strip or I'll force you." The female guard ushers herself closer to Jane's body, a daunting smile retching itself against her thin lips. Jane squeezes her eyes shut as she begins to count to ten ever-so-slowly before her eyes finally open and remained empty.

Gone was the girl that once believed good overcame evil.

Good thing's didn't come to those who were bad, her Mother once told her as a little girl. Memories began flooding into her mind, almost as if they were fragments of broken glass building itself back together piece by piece.

She remembers the way her Mother would read to her, she was a catholic woman. Born and bred into a religion where the world had been depicted into two sections.

The good and the bad.

She remembers the way her Mother's hands would greedily run through her tresses, a sigh would leave her mouth as she'd mutter out the familiar words, "The world is such a filthy place, Jane. Not everything appears in black and white as they do in your fairy tale stories. There are such thing's as monsters, they can be beautiful

because that is their one gift. They can lure you in with foolish thoughts and wanted desires that will only bring you great destruction in the end. You must ignore your temptation, otherwise God will punish you for your sins, Jane. Do you understand?"

As a child, who wouldn't believe their mothers words. With a small shake to her head, little Jane nodded, earning an appreciative hum of approval from her Mother.

Jane's fists began pounding against the sides of her temples, her eye's remained closed once more as she felt the familiar pain swell within her knuckles.

The memory became foggy, and within a second, it was gone. Now all that remained was nothingness. Pitch back and soundless, all that could be heard was her rhythmic heartbeat achingly banging against her ribcage as she awaited for something else.

Almost as if she knew something wasn't right.

All of a sudden, oceans that resembled the colour red washed over her eyes and Jane bit back her gasp.

For the second time, Jane felt her mind slowly restitching itself back together as another memory fell against her mind. This time, it was a boy.

A dead boy.

His honey-suckle curls appeared damp as they stuck brutally to the tops of his forehead, his lips were chapped and blue as he layed stone-still against the water.

With a cautious step, Jane suddenly reached over and gently ran her fingers through the watery substance. It wasn't what she expected though, it was thick and sticky, a gruesome stench filling its way as she breathed it in.

Quickly pulling away, Jane let out a whimper as her eye's scanned over her stained hands over and over.

It was coated in blood.

His alluring eyes then opened and effortlessly found hers. Heat was spreading through Jane slowly as she fell to his side. Jane felt light, almost as if she was out of her body and watching the scene slowly unfold in front of her.

She didn't know why she felt this way, and it scared her, unnerved her in such a way that she feared what she saw within these moments could never be unseen.

He looked at her, *really looked at her. His green eyes pleading, betrayal lurking slowly behind. "I loved you," A small gasp escaped her as she watched blood spluttering from his mouth. His heartbeat appeared weaker, his breathing slowing down as Jane watched his chest rise and fall with each passing second. "So much." He grunted out, pain striking his delicate features.*

Spots of blackness began clogging her mind and she knew this memory would fade away just like the last had done.

Jane felt the words ready to brim from her throat, "I won't leave you, I won't leave you!" She wanted to desperately cry out, an ache making its way across her chest and she became frantic.

She didn't know who this boy was, but her heart seemed to remember him. It burned and throbbed as the tears were becoming restless, threatening to escape as she slowly watched his body disappear from sight.

Jane's heart tripped against her ribs as she fumbled for him. His body was unrecognisable but that didn't stop her from grabbing whatever she could feel of him.

As the blackness took over for the second time, Jane felt an unfamiliar object brush against the swell of her palm. She opened her hand and inspected what was inside of it closely.

It was a dog tag that bore the initials J and D.

He was dead, she knew this, but something of him still clung to her heart and was determined to find out why.

What killed him?

And just like that, she was pulled away from her memories as a naked shoulder bumped against hers harshly as the line moved forward and closer to the shower stalls.

She forgot how long she'd been in Wayward for. Was it hours, days, or simply months?

Time stood still and remained taunting to her. Every peaceful memory that once evoked her mind had slowly began to fade with each passing moment that she remained here. With shaky hands, Jane turns her back towards the guards form before stripping off her paper thin uniform.

What unsettled her even further and halted her movements, was that her hand was still clutching onto the dog tag.

The one from her memory.

But that wasn't possible, it couldn't be. It had to be a dream, the medication must've finally gotten to her head and now she was as insane as the rest of them at Wayward Sanatorium.

Maybe they had been right after all.

Jane let out a sudden hiss as she felt a jolt of pain hit the back of her knees. She remained still, unwilling to move as the pain decided to worsen and spread through out her weathered body.

"I said move!" The guard screeched angrily, and with one final thrust, she swings her batten across Jane's back.

She slumped to the floor, her body sparing no chance as it was already under nourished and beaten. Everything around her slowly became background noise, her heart was beating faintly but this time, Jane knew it was different.

The pit of blackness welcomed her to let go and be free from Wayward.

To be free from all the pain that the world bestowed upon her even as a child.

At first all that Jane could hear was the pounding of feet, and suddenly her head snaps back painfully. Hands began tracing across the bridge of her nose, then pass her cheeks, to the centre of her lips where they rested.

Dr Wheeler shouts, "Let's get her off this floor. Hurry, she's already lost too much blood!" His face is a deadly shade of white as he watches the male nurses make there way over towards Jane's unmoving form where he rested against her.

His breathe tickled against the shell of Jane's ear, his voice went even softer as the guards appeared unnoticed of the proximity between the pair.

"Don't you die on me El. Please, fight. You have to, if not for yourself than do it for me."

And that's when she knew her Mother had been right all along. Monsters were real, they weren't only undeniably beautiful but they made you feel things.

Things you hadn't felt before.

And Jane knew Mike Wheeler would be her final undoing.

Authors note: this was a filler chapter! I still hope you guys enjoyed, I know I haven't updated in a while but I'd really love to hear your feedback whether it's positive or not.

At least it means people are taking the time to read my story! Anyway, comment, add, fav!

Love you my darlings

L x